

Just A Kiss

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Category: Halo

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-03-01 11:18:03

Updated: 2012-03-01 11:18:03

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:19:09

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,876

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

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****Disclaimer:** I own nothing! Characters belong to Rooster Teeth and song belongs to Lady Antebellum.******

****R&R!****

****Thank you!****

****.: Start :.****

"****Just a kiss on your lips in the moonlight****_

****Just a touch of the fire burning so bright****_

****No I don't want mess this thing up****_

****I don't want push too far.****_

****Just a shot in the dark that you just might****_

****Be the one I've been waiting for my whole life****_

****So baby I'm alright, with just a kiss goodnight.****_

~ Lady Antebellum~

York sighed in content as he lent against the stone marble balcony. The sky was clear tonight. The stars were out shining brightly in the clear night sky, looking so much like a carpet of a thousand shimmering diamonds that glittered against the endless black backdrop. The crescent moon hung in the sky, continuing to rise as it bathed the planet below in its silvery glow. It was, in York's opinion a beautiful sight to behold.

Tonight was the Director's birthday, and as such the man had decided to give his Freelancers a day-off in the form of a formal party. Though the thought of being stuck in a tuxedo all night and not his armor, admittedly made him a little nervous but there was some good that came of it.

Like the fact that Carolina, stubborn, tough-as-nails and take-no-shit-from-anyone Carolina was dressed in a stunning light blue dress and looking like she'd stepped out from a child's fairytale. That alone was most definitely a plus and he certainly wasn't complaining.

York smiled slightly. She had looked so uncomfortable at the fact she was in a dress and not her armor, it was adorable. He'd been completely speechless when she came out of her room earlier, he could barely breath she was that stunning.

Her hair curled and done up into a high-ponytail with her fringe framing her face. Her lips painted a delicious shade of light red, and her dress. Her dress was stunning; strapless and decorated with glittering diamonds, form fitting and elegant as it flowed from her slender waist, all the way to the ground in waves of light blue silk that seemed to shimmer in the light.

She was breathtaking.

Of course she's also scolded him for staring at her which had kind of killed the moment, but then again it was Carolina and that was just one of her many endearing quirks. It also showed how vulnerable she really was out of her armor; York couldn't help but want to shield her away from the world but knew he'd get his arse handed to him if he tried. So instead he opted for the safer approach and stuck close to her side, ready to jump in and defend her if need be. Not that he was worried. He knew full well that she was capable of taking care of herself; he just wanted to be there for her in case she ever did need him.

The sound of heels clinking softly against the marble floors brought York from his thoughts and he turned around in time to see the woman of his thoughts walk through the large glass doors and onto the balcony, her eyes landing on him as she made her way over.

"Carolina," he nodded to her in his usual cocky manner, a playful smirk already adorning his features as she came to stand beside him.

"Hey York, why aren't you inside? North was looking for you earlier." She told him, crossing her arms and leaning them atop the railing as

she stared out at the night sky.

York couldn't help but stare at her, she looked amazing and he could barely tear his eyes from her. Somehow he managed it and turned his gaze out to the sky, a light chuckle leaving his lips.

"Was he?" he asked casually, "I just wanted some fresh air. Besides, formal parties like this aren't really my thing, you know."

Carolina smiled slightly, "I hear that. I feel naked without my armor, not to mention this dress is so damn annoying. Now I remember why I hated wearing dresses when I was younger."

"I think you look beautiful."

Glancing up Carolina raised an eyebrow and gave a wry smile, "Wow York, I never would have guessed. What with how much you were ogling me earlier."

"What can I say? You clean up nice." He said playfully earning an amused chuckle from Carolina as she shook her head lightly.

They stood in silence for a few minutes. It was a comfortable type of silence, with them both relaxing in the calm atmosphere, content to stay out in the cool night breeze than return to the party inside.

York found that he was continually sneaking quick glances at his companion, and mentally berated himself for acting like a love struck teenager. The music from inside flowed through the white silk curtains and an idea struck the man as a relatively slow song came on.

Glancing at Carolina once more he smiled goofily and laid a hand on her bare arm. She glanced over at him with a raised eyebrow, a silent question in her eyes that made him smile.

"May I have this dance?" he asked formally, figuring that if he was going to ask for a dance he may as well go the whole nine yards and act the part of a proper gentleman. He just hoped she wouldn't turn him down.

Quirking an eyebrow the woman before him smirked slightly, "You know I hate dancing York." She replied with a playful smirk.

"I know," he said and smiled softly at her, "but I would very much like to dance with you, at least once tonight. So... what do you say Lina, care to have this dance with me?"

They stood in silence for a few moments. The sound of the party inside the only noise to reach their ears as Carolina stared up at the slightly nervous man before her and sighed, a small smile on her face as she held out her hand for him to take.

"Well, how can I refuse such a lovely offer?" she joked playfully, her eyes shining with amusement.

Grinning York took her offered hand gently, his other placed around her slender waist as she moved her other up to his shoulder, her fingers brushing against the skin on his neck. With the slow music

playing softly in the background the two began to dance, rocking back and forth.

York had never felt happier. Ever since he'd met her all those long years ago at the very beginning of Project Freelancer he'd loved her. She was strong, talented and the most amazing woman he'd ever had the pleasure of meeting. They had grown close over the years, becoming more and more than just friends or comrades on the battlefield.

York had wanted to ask her to marry him a year ago but the thought of her rejecting him stilled his hand and kept him from ever asking. He knew it wasn't smart, both of them could die at any given time, and he couldn't bear the thought of losing her. He didn't know what he'd do without her close by his side, probably follow her.

Shaking his head to rid himself of the thoughts York tightened his grip around her waist and pulled her close, dropping his head to rest it gently against the top of her own. His brown eyes drifting shut as they continued to sway back and forth.

A touch to his cheek made him open his eyes. Carolina was staring up at him with a questioning and slightly concerned look shining in her eyes, "You alright York?" she asked gently, running her hand soothingly over the side of his face once more, her fingers ghosting over the scar on his left eye.

York smiled a small reassuring smile, "Yeah, I'm alright."

He gently wrapped a hand around her own, pressing his lips to the inside of her palm as it rested against his cheek. He didn't want this moment to end. He wanted time to just stop and freeze so they could stay like this forever, he wanted to hold onto her forever and never let go.

Sighing Carolina rested her head against his chest, her eyes boring into him as she moved her hand up to stroke his soft brown hair. She closed her eyes and listened to his heart beating against his chest, the steady beat was surprisingly relaxing and she sighed softly.

"Are you sure?" she whispered, suddenly afraid of breaking the silence.

His arms tightened around her, "Yeah. I'm just thinking."

"About what?" she pressed, running her fingers through his hair.

He chuckled and pressed a kiss to her temple, "Nothing you need to worry about Lina, just a personal debate with myself."

She smiled, both from the affectionate gesture and the vague answer. "Should I leave you to your inner debate?" she asked softly, a hint of teasing in her voice as she looked up at him.

He was silent for a few moments, his forehead resting against hers before he shook his head slightly and held her tighter, pressing another gentle kiss to her temple.

"No. Can you just, stay out here with me for a bit more?"

Smiling to herself Carolina leant up and gave him a small, innocent kiss before once again resting her head against his chest and closing her eyes, arms wrapping around his neck loosely as she continued to stroke his hair.

"Of course York," was all she said.

Resting his head against the top of Carolina's he let out a soft breath and closed his eyes. He was more than willing to just continue holding her for now, and apparently she didn't mind either.

Smiling to himself York began to sway back and forth. Music played in the back ground, and the light of the moon shone down upon them. This moment was perfect and he wouldn't change it for the world.

Thank you.

He lent down and pressed one last kiss to her temple before pulling her close and holding her tight. They stayed like that for most of the night, swaying back and forth to the soft music beneath the glittering night sky, lost in their own inner world.

.: End :.

A/N: Yay I'm done :) though I think the ending sucked, big time. I can never write a good ending sigh... anyway what did you think? Good or completely crap? I'm sure they're both OOC but in my defence I've never written either of them together before and I have no idea how Carolina is meant to actâ€ she's like bad-ass but gentle with York... blarg...

R&R!

~Babybeel7

End
file.